2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

between your knees of a frightened horse. We put the animals into a quick trot—anything faster only invites stumbling—and got happily across without accident, though some quite nasty rocks were falling at intervals. All the rest got over safely too. We were not sorry when this bit of the road, was behind us. These two Nagir *zhingáts* are to my mind the ugliest bits of road in the Agency. They don't look nearly as sensational as the many *peris*—which can, of course, be dangerous enough at times—but a firm shelf, however high and narrow, is preferable to a shifting surface.

Somewhere below us under the cliffs on the Nagir side of the river gorge, but out of sight of the road, is the Hakúchar spring, where Hunza and Nagir royal ladies occasionally go into camp together for a few days. It was pleasant to think that the young princesses, married across the water into the related family of the hereditary foe, are able to meet their own womenfolk in privacy from time to time. When such a party is arranged five large tents are pitched there for them.

It was very hot slithering down the powdery spiral descent to river level, riding along the sea-beach to the bridge and then mounting the long Hunza zigzag to Murtazábád, but once there we came again into the welcome shade of apricots and *gindáwer* (jujube trees, I think). I very much wished that some of our own family could have been with us to see our arrival "home." Never in the days when DL was Political Agent and was popularly believed to have money and offices in his gift did we get such a reception. Though we were forty-eight hours ahead of our programme, the news that we were coming had got all round the countryside. Our easily identifiable little procession had, of course, been seen crawling for hours along the Nagir mountain side. Four miles out from Aliábád, on the hither side of the great Hasanabad Nullah, the advance guard met us: two small boys of six or seven had pattered out on their bare feet to be the first to welcome us. A few hundred yards farther on another little pair; next the three levies, who were, of course, to a small extent in our pay (they got the princely sum of nine rupees a month every third month when they came "on duty"!), and then at the bridge at the bottom

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

They were obviously of American or European origin . . . probably grown from seeds that someone had sent him. Plants like zinnias, snapdragons and asters were readily recognizable.

Then, I was very much surprised to see in front of the bungalow, of all things, a swimming pool . . . and the youth of the district were swimming and enjoying themselves to the fullest possible extent. They were shouting, laughing, splashing and cavorting about just as you would expect boys and girls to do in any swimming pool in America. They displayed the same reckless abandon, glee and happiness that our children do.

At this time I thought to myself that here was another mark of the Mir's bigness. He was allowing the children of the town to make full use of his personal family swimming pool. This was quite different from what most people expect of eastern potentates.

I'm not sure that this little incident impresses you but I assure you I was quite impressed by it. It added to my conviction that the people of Hunza were really free and democratic.

A little way off were our yaks and their guides. "Let's go," I said to Jahangir and Sultan Ali, making straight for the yaks. "The Mir and Cec will be waiting for us, so I guess we'd best be off."

I selected the larger of the two yaks because I'm quite a bit heavier, or almost twice as heavy as Jahangir. I was assisted on to the yak's back and the yak didn't seem to be too happy about it! For the first time since I'd been riding, which wasn't very long, I felt really comfortable. The well-padded broad back of the animal was delightful to sit on and, best of all, he had a western style saddle. I'm always afraid of falling off a horse with those English saddles because I've got nothing to hold on to except the reins and for my kind of